



VENVS.
AND ADONIS.

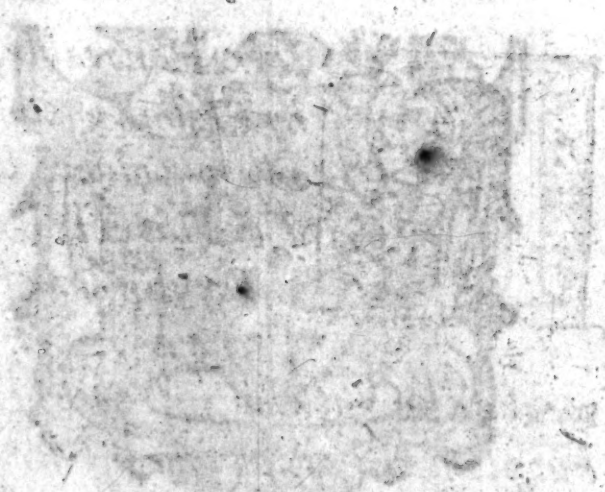
*Vilia miretur vulgus: mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.*



Imprinted at London for William Leake, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the signe of the Greyhound. 1599.

TO THE
HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL

OF THE
PROVINCE OF
ONTARIO
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED



Presented to the
Legislative Council
of the Province of
Ontario
in the year of our
Lord one thousand
nine hundred and
thirty-two



TO THE RIGHT
HONORABLE HEN-
RY WRIOTHESLIE EARLE
of Southampton, and Baron
of Titchfield.



Right Honorable, I know not
how I shall offend in dedicating
my unpolisht lines to your
Lordship, nor how the worlde
wil censure me for choosing so
strong a proppe to support so
weake a burthen: only if your Honour seeme
but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised,
& vowe to take advantage of all idle hours till
I haue honoured you with some grauer labor.
But if the first heir of my inuention proue defor-
med, I shal be sory it had so noble a godfather,

Ay

& neuer

The Epistle

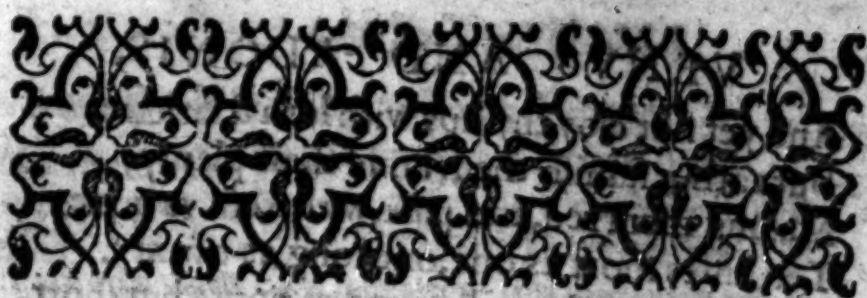
neuer after care so barren a land, for feare it
yeelde mee still so bad a harvest, I leane it to
your Honourable suruey, and your Honour to
your heards content: which I wish may alwaies
answere your own wish, and the worlds hopeful
expectation.

Your Honours in all duty,

William Shakespeare.

VE





VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sunne, with purple-coloured face,
Had tane his last leaue of the weeping morne,
Rose-cheekt *Adonis* hied him to the chace:
Hunting he lou'd, but loue he laught to scorne,
Sick-thoughted *Venus* makes amaine vnto him,
And like a bold fac't suter gins to woo him.

Thise fairer then my selfe (thus she began)
The fields chiefe flower, sweete aboue compare,
Staine to all Nymphes, more louely then a man,
More white and red, then doves, or roses are:
Nature that made thee with her selfe at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

Vouchsafe thou wonder to alight thy steede,
And raine his proud head to the saddle bowe:
If thou wilt daine this fauour, for thy meede
A thousand hony secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where neuer serpent hisses,
And being set, Ile smother thee with kisses.

A iii.

And

VENVS AND ADONIS,

And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd satietie,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red, and pale, with fresh varietie:
Ten kitties short as one, one long as twenty.
A summers day will seeme an houre but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palme,
The president of pith and liuelihood,
And trembling in her passion calles it balme,
Earths soueraigne salve, to do a goddesse good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Couragiously to plucke him from his horse,

Ouer one arme the lustie couriers raine,
Vnder her other was the tender boy,
Who blusht and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, vnapt to toy:
She red and hot, as coles of glowing fire
He red for shame, but frosty in desire,

The studded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimbly she fastens, (O how quicke is loue!)
The steed is stalled vp, and euen now
To tie the rider she begins to proue:
Backward she pusht him, as she would be thrust,
And gouerned him in strenght, though not in lust.
So

VENVS AND ADONIS.

So soone was she along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips,
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown
And gins to chide, but soone she stops his lips,
And kissing speaks, with lustful language broke,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall neuer open.

He burns with bashfull shame, she with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes:
Then with her windy sighes, and golden heares,
To fan and blow them drie againe she seekes.
He saith, she is immodest, blames her misse,
What followes more, she murders with a kisse.

Euen as an empty Eagle sharpe by fast,
Tires with her beake on feathers, flesh and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in hast,
Til either gorge be stufte, or prey be gone:
Euen so she kist his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forst to content, but neuer to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face:
She feedeth on the steame, as on a prey,
And cals it heauenly moysture, aire of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowres,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showres.

A iiii.

Looke

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Looke how a bird lyes tangled in a net,
So fastned in her armes *Adonis* lyes:
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Raine added to a Riuer that is ranke,
Perforce will force it ouerflow the banke.

Still she intreats, and pretily entreats:
For to a pretie care she tunes her tale,
Still is he fullen, still she lowres and frets,
Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashie pale;
Being red she loues him best, and being white,
Her best is bettred with a more delight.

Looke how he can, she cannot chuse but loue,
And by her faire immortall hand she sweares,
From his soft bosome neuer to remooue,
Till he takes truce with her contending teares,
Which lōg haue rained, making her cheeks al wet,
And one sweet kisse shall pay this cōptlesse debt.

Vpon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a diue-dapper peering through a waue,
Who being lookt on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to giue what she did craue.
But when her lippes were ready for his pay.
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Neuer

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Neuer did passenger in summers heat
More thirst for drinke, the she for this good turne.
Her helpe she sees, but helpe she cannot get,
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burne:
Oh pittie gan she cry, faine-harted boy,
Tis but a kisse I begge, why art thou coy?

I haue beene woo'd as I intreat thee now,
Euen by the sterne and direfull God of warre,
Whose sinowie necke in battell nere did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in euery iarre:
Yet hath he beene my captiue and my slaue,
And begd for that which thou vnaskt shalt haue.

Ouer my altars hath he hung his lance,
His battred shield, his vncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath leard to sport and daunce,
To coy, to wanton, dally, smile and iest,
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensigne red,
Making my armes his field, his tent my bed.

Thus he that ouer-ruld, I ouerswaied,
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chaine:
Strong repred Steele his stronger strength obeyed,
Yet was he seruile to my coy disdain.
Oh be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For maistring her that foild the God of fight.
Touch

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red,
The kisse shall be thine owne as well as mine,
What seeft thou in the ground? hold vp thy head:
 Looke in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies,
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kisse? then winke againe,
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.
Loue keepes his reuels where there be but twain:
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight.
 These blew-veind violets whereon we leane,
 Neuer can blab, nor know not what we meane.

The tender spring vpon thy tempting lip
Shewes thee vnripe, yet maist thou well be tasted,
Make vse of time, let not aduantage slip,
Beauty within it selfe should not be wasted:
 Fair flowers, that are not gathred in their prime,
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard fauoured, foule, or wrinkled old,
Ill nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
Oreworne, despised, reumatique and cold,
Thick sighted, barren, leane, and lacking iuyce,
Thé mightst thou pause, for thé I were not for thee:
But hauing no defects, why dost abhor mee?

Thou

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VENVS AND ADONIS.

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey & bright, & quick in turning,
My beauty as the spring doth yearely grow,
My flesh is soft and plumbe, my marrow burning,
My smooth moist hād, were it with thy hād felt,
Would in thy palme dissolue or seeme to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will inchant thine eare,
Or like a Fairie, trip vpon the greene,
Or like a nymph, with long disheueled heare
Dance on the sandes, and yet no footing scene:
Loue is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not grosse to sinke, but light and will aspire.

Witnesse this primrose banke whereon I lie, (me:
These forcelesse flowers like sturdie trees support
Two strengthles doues wil draw me through the sky
From morne til night, euen where I list to sport me.
Is loue so light, sweete boy, and may it be,
That thou shouldst thinke it heauie vnto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand seize loue vpon thy left?
Then wooe thy selfe, be of thy selfe reiected:
Steale thine own freedome, & complain of theft.
Narcissus so himselfe himselfe forsooke,
And died to kisse his shadow in the brooke.

Torches

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Torches are made to light,iewels to weare,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the vse,
Hearbs for their smel, and sappy plants to beare,
Things growing to themselves, are growths abuse:
Seeds spring frō seeds, & beauty breadeth beauty,
Thou wert begot, to get it is thy duty.

Vpon the earthes increase why shouldst thou feed,
Vnlesse the earth with thy increase be fed?
By lawe of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may liue, when thou thy selfe art dead:
And so in spight of death thou dost suruiue,
In that thy likenesse still is left aliue.

By this the loue-sicke Queene began to sweate,
For where they lay the shadowe had forsooke the,
And *Tytan* tired in the midday heat,
With burning eye did hotly ouerlooke them,
Wishing *Adonis* had his teame to guide,
So he were like him, and by *Venus* side.

And now *Adonis* with a lazie sprite,
And with a heauie, darke, disliking eye,
His lowring browes, orewhelming his faire sight,
Like mistie vapours when they blot the skie,
Sowring his cheekes, cries he, no more of loue,
The sun doth burne my face, I must remoue.

Ay

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VENVS AND ADONIS.

Ay me (quoth *Venus*) young, and so vnkinde,
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gon?
Ile sigh celestially breath, whose gentle winde,
Shall coole the heat of this descending sun:
Ile make a shadowe for thee of my heares,
If they burne too, Ile quench thee with my teares.

The sun that shines from heauen shines but warm,
And loe I lie betweene that sunne and thee:
The heate I haue from thence doth little harme,
Thine eye darts foorth the fire that burneth mee,
And were I not immortall, life were done,
Betweene this heauenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as Steele?
Nay more then flint, for stone at raine relenteth;
Art thou a womans sonne, and canst not feelee
What tis to loue, how want of loue tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died vnkind.

What am I, that thou shouldst contemne me this?
Or what great danger dwels vpon my sute?
What were thy lips the worse for one poore kisse?
Speak faire, but speake faire words, or els be mute:
Giue me one kisse, Ile giue it thee againe,
And one for int'rest, if thou wilt haue twaine.

Fie

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Fie, liuelesse picture, cold and senselesse stone,
Well painted idol, image, dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred:
Thou art no man, though of a mans cōplexion.
For men will kisse euen by their own direction.

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tong,
And swelling passion doth prouoke a pause,
Red cheekes and fire eyes blase forth her wrong,
Being iudge in loue, she cannot right her cause.
And now she weeps, & now she fain wold speak,
And now her sots do her intendments breake.

Sometimes she shakes her head, & then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground:
Sometimes her armes infold him like a band,
She would, he will not in her armes bee bound,
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lillie fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I haue hemd thee heere
Within the circuite of this iuory pale,
He be the parke, and thou shalt be my deere,
Feede where thou wilt on mountaine or in dale,
Graze on my lips, and if those hilles be drie,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within

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VENVS AND ADONIS.

Within this limit is reliefe inough,
Sweete bottom grasse, and high delightful plaine,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from raine:
Then be my deere, since I am such a parke,
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark.

At this *Adonis* smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a prettie dimple,
Loue made those hollowes: if himselfe were slaine,
He might be buried in a tombe so simple:
Foreknowing well if there he came to lie,
Why there loue liu'd, & there he could not die.

These louely caues, these round inchaunting pits,
Opend their mouthes to swallow *Venus* liking:
Being mad before; how doth she now for wits?
Strooke dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poore Queene of loue, in thine own law forlorn,
To loue a cheek that smiles at thee in scorne.

Now which way shall she turne? what shall we say?
Her words are don, her woes the more increasing,
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining armes doth vrge releasing:
Pittie she cries, some fauour, some remorse,
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But

VENUS AND ADONIS.

But loe from forth a copp's that neighbours by,
A breeding lennet, lusty, young and proud,
Adonis trampling courser doth espie:
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs alowde:
The strong-neckt steede, being tide vnto a tree,
Breaketh his reine, & to her straight goes hee.

Imperiously he leapes, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his wouen girls he breakes asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoofe he wounds,
Whose hollow wob reounds like heauens thuder:
The iron bit he crushes tweene his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His eares vp prickt, his braided hanging mane
Vpon his compass crest now stand on end,
His nostrils drinke the aire, and foorth againe,
As from a furnace, vapors doth he send:
His eie, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shewes his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle maiesty and modest pride,
Anone he reares vp right, curuets, and leapes,
As who should say, lo thus my strength is tride,
And thus I doe to captivate the eye,
Of the faire breeder that is standing by.

What

2-5-89
VENVS AND ADONIS.

What recketh he his riders angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his stand I say,
What cares he now, for curbe, or pricking spur,
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
He sees his loue, and nothing else hee sees:
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Looke when a Painter would surpasse the life,
In limming out a well proportioned steede,
His Arte with Natures workmanshippe at strife,
As if the dead the liuing should exceede:
So did this horse excell a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pafe and bone.

Round hooft, short iointed, fetlocks shag & long,
Broad breast, full eie, small head, and nostrill wide,
High crest, short ears, straightlegs, & passing strong,
Thin mane, thick taile, broad buttock, tender hide,
Looke what a horse should haue, he did not lack;
Sauc a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares,
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather:
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And where he run or flie, they know not whether.
For through his mane & taile, the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who waue like fethred wings.
B He

VENVS AND ADONIS.

He lookes vpon his loue, and neighs vnto her,
She answeres him as if she knew his mind,
Being proud, as females are, to see him wooe her,
She puts on outward strangenessse, seemes vnkind,
Spurnes at his loue, & scornes the heat he feelles.
Beating his kind embracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholy male content,
He vailes his taile: that, like a falling plume,
Coole shadow to his melting buttocks lent.
He stamper and bites the poore flies in his fume:
His loue perceiuing how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was asswag'd.

His teastie maister goeth about to take him,
When lo, the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left *Adonis* there;
As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,
Outstripping crowes, that strue to ouerfly them.

All swolne with chafing, downe *Adonis* sits,
Banning his boystrous and vnruely beast;
And now the happy season once more fits
That loue-sicke *Loue*, by pleading may be blest.
For louers say, the heart hath trebble wrong,
When it is bard the aidance of the tong.

As

VENVS AND ADONIS.

An Ouen that is stopt, or riuer staid,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage;
So of concealed sorrow may be said,
Free vent of words loues fire doth assuage:
But when the hearts Atturney once is mute,
The clyent breakes, as desperate in his sute.

He sees her comming, and begins to glowe;
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with winde,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with disturbed minde:
Taking no notice that she is so nie,
For all askance he holds her in his cie.

O what a fight it was wistly to viewe?
How she came stealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red each other did destroy:
But now her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flasht forth fire, as lightning from the skie.

Now was she iust before him as he sat;
And like a lowly louer downe she kneeles,
With one faire hand she heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheek feeles:
His tender checks reuiues her soft hands print,
As apt as new falne snowe takes any dint.

B ii.

Oh

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Oh what a war of lookes was then between them,
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing,
His eyes saw her eyes, as they had not seene them,
Her eies wooed still, his eyes disdained the wooing;
And all this dumbe play had his acts made plain,
With teares which *Chorus*-like her eyes did raine.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A Lillie prifond in a gaile of snow,
Or Iuory in an Alablafter band,
So white a friend ingirts so white a fo:
This beaurious combat wilful, and willing,
Shew'd like to siluer doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engin of her thoughts began,
O fairest moouer of this mortall round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound.
For one sweet looke thy helpe I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my bodies bane would cure
(thee.
Giue me my hād (saith he) why dost thou feele it?
Giue me my heart (saith she) & thou shalt haue it:
O giue it me, least thy hard heart doe steale it,
And being steeld, soft sighs can neuer graue it:
Then loues deepe groanes I neuer shall regard,
Because *Adonis* heart hath made mine hard.

For

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VENVS AND ADONIS.

For shame he cries, let goe, and let me goe,
My daies delight is past, my horse is gone,
And tis your fault, I am bereft him so,
I pray you hence, and leaue me heere alone.
For all my minde, my thought, my busie care
Is how to get my Palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies, thy Palfrey as he should,
Welcomes the warme approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a cole that must be coold,
Else suffred it will set the heart on fire.
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no maruell though thy horse be gone.

How like a iade he stoode tied to a tree,
Seruilely maistr'd with a letherne raine!
But when he saw his loue, his youthes faire see,
He held such pettie bondage in disdain:
Throwing the base thong frō his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his backe, his brest.

Who seekes his true loue in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheetes a whiter hew then white,
But when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aime at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dares not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Bij.

Let

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Let me excuse thy courser gentle boy,
And learne of him I heartily beseech thee,
To take aduantage on presented ioy, (thee.
Though I were dumbe, yet his proceedings teach
O learne to loue, the lesson is but plaine,
And once made perfect, neuer lost againe.

I know not loue (quoth he) nor will not know it,
Vnlesse it be a Boare, and then I chase it.
Tis much to borrowe, and I will not owe it.
My loue to loue, is loue but to disgrace it:
For I haue heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, & weeps, & all but with a breath.

Who weares a garment shapelesse and vnfinisht?
Who plucks the bud before one leafe put forth?
If springing things be any iot diminisht,
They wither in their prime, proue nothing worth:
The colt that's backt and burthend being yong,
Looseth his pride, and neuer waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wringing, let vs part,
And leaue this idle theame, this bootlesse char,
Remoque your siege from my vnyeelding heart,
To loues alarm it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your fained tears, your flattery:
For where a heart is hard, they make no battry.

What

VENVS AND ADONIS.

What, canst thou talk (quoth she) hast thou a tongue?
 O would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing.
 Thy mermaids voice hath done me double wrōg:
 I had my load before, now prest with bearing,
 Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh sounding,
 Earths deepe sweet musicke, and hearts deep sore
 (wounding.

Had I no eyes but eares, my eares would loue
 That inward beauty and inuisible:
 Or were I deafe, thy outward parts would moue,
 Each part in me, that were but sensible.
 Though neither eyes nor eares, to heare nor see,
 Yet should I be in loue by touching thee.

Say that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
 And that I could not see, nor heare, nor touch,
 And nothing but the very smell were left mee,
 Yet would my loue to thee be still as much.
 For from the stillitory of thy face excelling,
 Comes breath persum'd, that breedeth loue by
 (smelling.

But oh what banquet wert thou to the taste,
 Being nurse and feeder of the other soure!
 Would they not with the feast should euer last,
 And bid suspition double locke the doore?
 Least iealousie that soure vnwelcome guest,
 Should by his stealing in, disturbe the feast.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Once more the ruby-coloured portall open,
Which to his speech did hony passage yeeld,
Like a red morne that euer yet betokend
Wracke to the sea-man, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to the shepheards, woe vnto the birds,
Gust & foule flawes to heardmen & to heards.

This ill presage aduisedly she marketh,
Euen as the winde is husht before it raineth,
Or as the wolfe doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breakes before it staineth:
Or like the deadly bullet of a gunne,
His meaning stricke her, ere his words begun.

And at his looke she flatly falleth downe,
For lookes kil loue, and loue by lookes reuiuerh:
A smile recures the wounding of a frowne,
But blessed bankrout that by loue so thriueth:
The silly boy belceuing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheeke, til clapping makes it red:

And in a maze brake of his lare intent,
For sharpely he did thinke to reprehend her:
Which cunning loue did wittily preuent,
Faile-fall the wit that can so well defend her:
For on the grasse she lies as she were flaine,
Till his breath breatheth life in her againe.

He

VENVS AND ADONIS.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheekes,
 He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
 He chafes her lips, a thousand waies he seekes,
 To mend the hurt that his vnkindnesse mard:
 He kisses her, and she by her good will,
 Will neuer rise, so he will kisse her still.

The night of sorrow now is turnd to day,
 Her two blew windowes faintly she vpheaueth,
 Like the faire sunne, when in his fresh array,
 He cheeres the morne, & all the world relieueth:
 And as the bright sunne glorifies the skie,
 So is her face illumind with her eye.

Whose beames vpon his hairelesse face are fixt,
 As if from thence they borrowed all their shine:
 Were neuer foure such lamps together mixt,
 Had not his clouded, with his brows repine. (light,
 But hers, which through the crystal tears gaue
 Shone like the Moone in water scene by night.

O where am I (quoth she) in earth or heauen,
 Or in the Ocean drencht, or in the fire?
 What houre is this, or morne, or weary euen?
 Do I delight to die, or life desire?
 But now I liu'd, and life was deaths annoy,
 But now I di'd, and death was liuely ioy.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

O thou didst kill mee, kill me once againe,
Thy eyes shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornfull tricks, & such disdain,
That they haue mured this poore heart of mine:
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy pitious lips no more had scene.

Long may they kisse each other for this cure,
Oh neuer let their crimson liueries weare,
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To driue infection from the dangerous yeare,
That the star-gazers hauing writ on death,
May say the plague is banisht by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweete scales, in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargaines may I make still to be sealing?
To sell my selfe I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and vse good dealing:
Which purchase if thou make, for feare of slips
Set thy scale manuell on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buies my heart from me,
And pay them at thy leisure one by one.
What is ten hundred touches vnto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say for non paimēt that the debt should double,
Is twenty thousand kisses such a trouble?

Faire

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Faire Queene (quoth he) if any loue you owe me,
 Measure my strangenesse with my vnripe yeares:
 Before I know my selfe, seeke not to know mee,
 No fisher but the vngrowne frie forbears,
 The mellow plum doth fall, the grene sticks fast.
 Or being early pluckt, is sowre to tast.

Looke, the worlds comforter with weary gate,
 His daies hot taske hath ended in the West,
 The owle (nights herald) shreekes, tis very late,
 The sheepe are gone to fold, birds to their nest,
 The cole-black clouds that shadow heauens light,
 Do summon vs to part and bid Good night.

Now let me say good night, and so say you,
 If you will say so, you shall haue a kisse,
 Good night (quoth she) and ere he saies adue,
 The hony see of parting tendred is;
 Her armes do lend his neck a sweete embrace,
 Incorporat the they seeme, face grows to face,

Till breathlesse he disioynd, and backward drew
 The heauenly moysture that sweete corall mouth,
 Whose precious taste, her thirstie lips well knew,
 Whereon they surfet, yet complaine on droughth.
 He with her plenty prest, she faint with dearth,
 Their lips together glew'd, fall to the earth.

Now

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Now quicke desire hath caught his yeelding prey,
And glutton like shee feedes, yet neuer filleth,
Her lippes are conquerers, his lips obey,
Paying what ranfome the iniulter willeth:
Whose vultur thought doth pitch the price so hy,
That she will draw his lips rich treasure dry.

And hauing felt the sweetenesse of the spoyle,
With blindfolde furie she beginnes to forrage,
Her face doth reek & smoke, her bloud doth boile,
And carelesse lust stirres vp a desperate courage:
Planting obliuion, beating reason backe,
Forgetting shames pure blush, & honors wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird, being tam'd with too much handling;
Or as the fleet foot Roe that's tyr'd with chafing,
Or like the froward infant Rild with dandling,
He now obeyes, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolues with tempring,
And yeelds at last to euery light impression?
Things out of hope, are compass't oft with vétring,
Chiefly in loue, whose leaue exceeds commission:
Affection faints not like a pale face coward,
But the woos best, where most his choice is froward,
When

VENVS AND ADONIS.

When he did frown, o had she then gaue ouer,
 Such nectar from his lips she had not suckt.
 Foule words and frownes must not repel a louer.
 What though the rose haue pricks, yet is it pluckt:
 Were beautie vnder twenty locks kept fast,
 Yet loue breaks through, & picks the all at last.

For pittie now, she can no more detaine him,
 The poore foole praies her that he may depart:
 She is resolu'd no longer to restraine him,
 Bids him farewell, and looke well to her heart:
 The which, by *Cupids* bow she doth protest,
 He carries thence incaged in his brest.

Sweete boy, she saies, this night ile wast in sorrow:
 For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
 Tell me loues master, shall wee meete to morrow?
 Say, shall we, shall wee, wilt thou make the match?
 He tels her no, to morrow he intends,
 To hunt the Boare with certaine of his friends.

The Boare (quoth she) whereat a sodaine pale,
 Like lawne being spread vpon the blushing rose,
 Vsurps her cheekes, she trembles at his tale,
 And on his neck her yoking armes she throwes,
 She sinketh downe still hanging on his necke,
 He on her belly falles, she on her backe.

Now

VENVS. AND ADONIS.

Now is she in the very lists of loue,
Her champion mounted for the hot incounter,
All is imaginarie she doth prooue,
He will not manage her, although he mount her,
That worse then *Tantalus* is her annoy,
To clip *Elixium*, and to lacke her ioy.

Euen so poore birds, deceiu'd with painted grapes,
Do surfet by the eye, and pine the maw,
Euen so she languisheth in her mishappes,
As those poore birds, that helplesse berries saw:
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seekes to kindle with continuall kissing.

But all in vaine, good Queene, it will not be,
She hath assai'd as much as may be prou'd,
Her pleading hath deseru'd a greater fee,
Shee's loue, she loues, and yet she is not lou'd:
Fie, fie, he saies, you crush me, let me go;
You haue no reason to withhold me so.

Thou hadst bin gon (quoth she) sweet boy ere this,
But that thou toldest me, thou woldst hit the bear.
O be aduis'd, thou knowst not what it is,
With iauelins point a churlish swine to goare:
Whose tusshes neuer sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortall butcher bent to kill.

VENVS AND ADONIS,

On his bow backe, he hath a battell set,
 Of bristly pikes, that euer threate his foes,
 His eyes like glow-worms shine whē he doth fyer,
 His snout digs sepulchres where ere he goes,
 Being mou'd, he strikes, what ere is in his way,
 And whom he strikes, his crooked tusshes slay.

His brawny sides with hairy bristles armed,
 Are better prooffe thē thy spears point can enter,
 His ~~thick~~ thick necke can not be easily harmed,
 Being full, on the Lion he will venter,
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
 As fearefull of him, part, through whō he rushes.

Alas, he nought esteemes that face of thine,
 To which loues eyes paies tributary gazes,
 Nor thy soft hands, sweete lips, and crystall eyne,
 Whose full perfection all the world amazes:
 But hauing thee at vantage (wonderous dread!)
 Would root these beauties, as he roots the mead.

O let him keepe his loathsome cabbin still:
 Beauty hath naught to do with such foule fiends.
 Come not within his danger by thy will,
 They that thrue wel, take counsell of their friēds.
 Whē thou didst name the boare, not to dissemble,
 I fear'd thy fortune, and my ioynts did tremble.

Didst

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Didst thou not marke my face? was it not white?
Sawest thou not signes of feare lurk in myne eie?
Grewe I not faint? and fell I not downe right?
Within my bosome, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, & takes no rest,
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my brest.

For where loue raignes, disturbing ieaiousie
Doth call himselte affections centinell,
Giues false alarms, suggesteth mutinie,
And in a peacefull houre doth cry, kill, kill,
Distempering gentle loue with his desire,
As aire and water doth abate the fire.

This soure informer, this bare-breeding spie,
This canker that eates vp loues tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious ieaiousie,
That soetimes true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine eare,
That if I loue thee, I thy death should feare.

And more then so, presenteth to mine eye,
The picture of an angry chasling Boare,
Vnder whose sharpe fangs, on his back doth lie,
An image like thy selfe, all staine'd with gore,
Whose bloud vpon the fresh flowres being shed,
Doth make the droop with grieve & hãg the hed.
What

VENUS AND ADONIS.

What should I doe? seeing thee so indeede,
 That trembling at th' imagination,
 The thought of it doth make my faint hart bleede,
 And feare doth teach it diuination;
 I prophetic thy death, my liuing sorrow,
 If thou encounter with the boare to morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt be rul'd by me,
 Vncouple at the timorous flying Hare,
 Or at the Fox which liues by subtiltie,
 Or at the Roe, which no incounter dare,
 Pursue these feareful creatures o're the downes,
 And on thy well breath'd horse keepe with thy
 (hounds,
 And when thou hast on foote the purblind Hare,
 Marke the poore wretch, to ouerslut his troubles
 How he out-runs the winde, and with what care,
 He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
 The many musits through the which he goes,
 Are like a labyrinth t' amaze his foes.

Sometime he runnes among the flock of sheepe,
 To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
 And sometime where earth-delving conies keepe,
 To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
 And sometime sorteth with a heard of deere,
 Danger deuiseeth shifts, wit waites on feare,

C

For

VENVS AND ADONIS.

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot sent snuffing hounds are driuen to doubt,
Ceassing their clamorous cry, til they haue singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out,
Then doo they spend their mouths, eccho replies,
As if another chale were in the skies.

By this, poore Wat far off vpon a hill
Stands on his hinder legs with listning eare,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loude alarums he doth heare,
And now his grieve may be compared well,
To one sore sick, that heares the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the deaw-bedabbled wretch
Turne and returne, indenting with the way,
Each enuious brier his wearie legges doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay.
For misery is troden on by many,
And being lowe, neuer releu'd by any.

Lie quietly, and heare a little more,
Nay do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise,
To make thee hate the hunting of the Boare,
Vnlike thy selfe thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so:
For loue can comment vpon euery wo.

Where

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Where did I leaue? No matter where (quoth hee)
 Leaue mee, and then the story aptly ends,
 The night is spent: why what of that (quoth shee?)
 I am (quoth hee) expected of my friends,
 And now tis darke, and going I shall fall:
 In night (quoth she) desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, oh then imagine this,
 The earth in loue with thee, thy footing trips,
 And all is but to rob thee of a kisse:
 Rich preyes make rich men thecues, so do thy lips
 Make modest *Diane* cloudy and forlorne,
 Least she should steale a kisse & die forsworne.

Now of this darke night I perceiue the reason,
Cynthia for shame obscures her siluer shine,
 Till forging *Nature* be condemn'd of treason,
 For stealing moulds frō heauen that were diuine,
 Wherin she fram'd thee in his heauens despight,
 To shame the sunne by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the destinies,
 To crosse the curious workmanship of Nature,
 To mingle beauty with infirmities,
 And pure perfection with impure defeature,
 Making it subiect to the tyranny
 Of mad mischances, and much misery.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

As burning feauers, agues, pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sicknesse, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the bloud:
Surfets, impostumes, grieve & damn'd despaire
Sweare natures death for framing thee so faire.

And nor the least of all these maladies,
But in one minutes sight brings beauty vnder:
Both fauour, sauour, hew, and qualities,
Whereat th'imperiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done,
As mountain snow melts, with the midday sun.

Therefore despight of fruitlesse chastitie,
Loue-lacking Vestals, and selfe louing Nuns,
That on the earth would breede a scarcity,
And barren death of daughters and of sonnes,
Be prodigall: the lampe, that burnes by night,
Dries vp his oyle, to lend the world his light.

What is thy bodie but a swallowing graue,
Seeming to bury that posteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs must haue,
If thou destroy them not in their obscuritie?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride, so faire a hope is slaine.

So

225589
VENVS AND ADONIS.

So in thy selfe, thy selfe art made away,
A mischief worse then ciuill home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands theselues do slay,
Or butchers fire, that reaues his sonne of life:
Foule cankring rust the hidden treasure frets:
But would that s put to vse more gold begets.

Nay then quoth (*Adon*) you will fall againe
Into your idle ouer-handled theame:
The kisse I gaue you is bestow'd in vaine,
And all in vaine you striue against the streame.
For by this black-fac't night, desires foule nourse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse & worse.

If loue haue lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And euery tongue more mouing then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaides songs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne.
For know my heart stands armed in mine eare,
And will not let a false sound enter there,

Least the deceauing harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast,
And then my little heart were quite vndoone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest:
No Lady no, my heart longs not to grone,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

C iii.

What

VENVS AND ADONIS.

What haue you vrg'd that I cannot reprocue?
The path is smooth that leaderh vnto danger.
I hate not loue, but your deuise in loue,
That lends imbracements vnto euery stranger.
You do it for increase: o strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lusts abuse.

Call it not loue, for loue to heauen is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth vsurpt his name:
Vnder whose simple semblance he hath fed,
Vpon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, & soone bereaues,
As caterpillers doe the tender leaues.

Loue comforteth like sunshine after raine:
But lusts effect is tempest after sunne.
Loues gentle spring doth alwaies fresh remaine:
Lusts winter comes, ere summer halfe be done.
Loue surfets not: lust like a glutton dies.
Loue is all truth: lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell: but more I dare not say.
The text is old, the Orator too Greene.
Therefore in sadnesse, now I will away,
My face is full of shame, my heart of teene:
Mine ears, that to your wanton talke attended,
Do burne themselves for hauing so offended.

With

VENUS AND ADONIS.

With this he breaketh from the sweete embrace
Of those faire arms which bound him to her brest,
And homeward through the darke lawnes runs a-
Leaues loue vpon her back deeply distrest: (pale,
Looke how a bright starre shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from *Venus* eye:

Which after him she darts, as one on shore,
Gazing vpon a late embarked friend,
Till the wilde waues wil haue him seene no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the mercilesse and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feede her sight,

Whereat amaz'd, as one that vnaware,
Hath dropt a pretious iewell in the flood,
Or stonish't, as night wandrers often are,
Their light blowne out in some mistrustfull wood:
Euen so confounded in the darke she lay,
Hauing lost the faire discouery of her way.

And now she beares her heart: whereat in grones,
That al the neighbour caues, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her mones,
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
Ay mee thee cries, and twenty times woe, woe,
And twenty ecchoes twentie times crie so.

Ciii,

She

VENUS AND ADONIS.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a wofull dittie,
How loue makes young men thrall, & old me dote,
How loue is wise in folly, foolish wittie:
Her heauie antheim still concludes in wo.
And still the quier of ecchoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and out-wore the night,
For louers houres are long, though seeming short,
If pleas'd themselues, others they thinke delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are neuer done.

For who hath she to spend the night withall,
But idle soundes resembling parasites,
Like shrild tongu'd Tapsters answering euery call,
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits:
She said, tis so, they answer all tis so,
And would say after her, if she said no.

Loe here the gentle Larke, wearie of rest,
From his most cabinet mounts vp on high,
And wakes the morning, frō whose siluer brest
The sunne ariseth in his maiesty,
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That Cedar tops and hils seeme burnisht gold.

Venus

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Venus salutes him with this faire good morrow,
 O thou cleere God, and Patron of all light,
 Fro whom each lamp & shining star doth borrow
 The beautionous influence that makes him bright,
 There liues a son, that suckt an earthly mother,
 May lend thee light as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle groue,
 Musing the morning is so much ore-worne,
 And yet she heares no tidings of her loue,
 She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horne:
 Anon she heares them chant it lustily,
 And all in haste she coasteth to the crie.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way,
 Some catch her by the necke, some kisse her face,
 Some twinde about her thigh to make her stay:
 She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
 Like a milch Doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
 Hastning to feede her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she heares the hounds are at a bay,
 Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder,
 Whreath'd vp in fatall foldes iust in his way,
 The feare wherof doth make him shake & shudder:
 Euen so the timorous yelping of the hounds,
 Appalles her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For

VENUS AND ADONIS.

For now she knowes it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boare, rough beare, or lion prouder
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearefully the dogs exclaime aloude:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all straine curst sic who shal cope him first.

This dismall cry rings sadly in her care,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart:
Who ouercome by doubt and bloudlesse feare,
With cold-pale weaknesse numbs each feeling part:
Like souldiers when their captaine once doth
They basely fly, & dare not stay the field. (yeeld,

Thus stands she in a trembling extasie,
Till cheering vp her senses sore dismaide,
She tels them tis a causelesse phantasie,
And childish error that they are afraid, (more,
Bids them leaue quaking, bids them feare no
And with that word she spi'd the hunted bore.

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and bloud being mingled both together,
A second feare through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her, she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boare for murder.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

A thousand spleenes beare her a thousand waies,
 She treads the path that she vntreads againe,
 Her more then haste is mated with delaies,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken braine,
 Full of respect; yet nought at all respecting,
 In hand with all things; nought at all effecting.

Here kenneld in a brake she findes a hound,
 And askes the wearie catife for his maister,
 And there another licking of his wound,
 Gainst venom'd sores the onely soueraign plaister,
 And here she meets another sadly scouling,
 To whom she speaks, & he replies with howling.

When he hath ceast his ill resounding noise,
 Another flapmouth'd mourner black and grim
 Against the welkin vollies out his voice,
 Another, and another answere him,
 Clapping their proud tailes to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratcht-eares, bleeding as they go.

Looke how the worlds poore people are amazed
 At apparitions, signes, and prodigies,
 Wheron with feareful eyes they long haue gazed,
 Infusing them with dreadfull prophecies:
 So she at these sad signes drawes vp her breath,
 And sighing it againe, exclames on death:

Hard

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Hard fauoured tyrant, vgly, meagre leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue (thus chides the death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earthsworm what dost thou
To stifle beauty, & to steale his breath? (meane
Who when he liu'd, his breath and beauty set
Glosse on the rose, smell to the violet.

If he be dead, o no, it cannot be
Seeing his beauty thou shouldst strike at it.
O yes, it may: thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at randon dost thou hit.

Thy marke is feeble age: but thy false dart
Mistakes that aime, and cleanes an infants hart,

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke,
They bid thee crop a weede, thou pluckst a flower.
Loues golden arrow at him should haue fled,
And not deaths ebon dart to strike him dead.

(weeping?)
Dost thou drinke teares, that thou prouok'st such
What may a heauie grone aduantage thee?
Why hast thou cast, into eternall sleeping,
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?

Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her best worke is ruin'd with thy rigour?

Her



VENVS AND ADONIS.

Here overcome, as one full of despaire,
 She vaild her eye-lids, who like sluices stopt
 The crystall tide, that from her two cheeks faire,
 In the sweete channell of her bosome dropt (rain,
 But through the flud-gates breakes the siluer
 And with his strong course opens them againe.

O how her eies and teares did lend and borrow!
 Her eies seene in the teares, teares in her eye,
 Both crystals, where they viewd each others sorow,
 Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry:
 But like a stormie day, now winde now raine,
 Sighs drie her cheeks, teares make the wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant wo,
 As struing who should best become her grieve;
 All entertaind, each passions labour so,
 That euery present sorrow seemeth chiefe:
 But none is best, then ioyne they altogether,
 Like many clouds cōsulting for foule weather,

By this, far off, she hears some huntsman hallow:
 A nurses song nere pleas'd her babe so well.
 The dry imagination she did follow,
 This sound of hope doth labour so expell:
 For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioyce,
 And flatters her, it is *Adonis* voice.

Whereat

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Whereat her teares began to turne their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearles in glasse,
Yet sometime falles an orient drop beside,
Which her cheekke melts, as scorning it shold passe
To wash the foule face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drownd.

O hard beleeuing loue, how strange it seemes!
Not to belecue, and yet too credulous:
Thy weale and woe, are both of them extreames,
Despaire and hope makes thee ridiculous.
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts vnlikelic,
With likely thoughts the other kils thee quickly.

Now she vnweaues the web that she hath wrought
Adonis liues, and death is not too blame:
It was not she that cald him all to nought,
Now she ads honour to his hatefull name,
She clepes him king of graues, & graue for kings,
Imperiall supream of all mortall things.

No, no (quoth she) sweete death, I did but ieast:
Yet pardon mee, I felt a kinde of feare,
When as I met the boare that bloudy beast,
Which knowes no pittie, but is still seuer:
Then gentle shadowe (truth I must confesse)
I raild on thee, fearing my loues decessie.

Tis

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Tis not my fault, the boare prouokt my tong,
 Be wreakt on him (inuisible commander)
 Tis he, foule creature, that hath done thee wrong,
 I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
 Griefe hath two tongues, and neuer woman yet
 Could rule them both, without ten womens wit.

Thus hoping that *Adonis* is aliue,
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate,
 And that his beautie may the better thriue,
 With death she humbly doth insinuate;
 Tels him of trophies, statues, tombes & stories,
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O *Ioue* (quoth she, how much a foole was I,
 To be of such a weake and silly minde,
 To waile his death who liues and must not die,
 Till mutuall ouerthrow of mortall kinde!
 For he being dead, with him is beauty slaine,
 And beauty dead, blacke *Chaos* comes againe.

Fie, fie, fond loue, thou art so full of feare,
 As one with treasure laden, hemd with theues,
 Trifles (vnwitnessed with eye, or eare)
 Thy coward heart with false bethinking greues:
 Euen at this word she heares a merry horne,
 Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorne.

As

VENVS AND ADONIS:

As faulcons to the lure, away she flies,
The grasse stoopes not, she treads on it so light,
And in her haste vnfortunately spies
The foule Boares conquest on her faire delight:
Which seen, her eyes as murdered with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, the selues withdrew.

Or as the snaile, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly caue with paine,
And there all smothered vp in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creepe forth againe:
So at his bloody viewe her eies are fled
Into the deepe darke cabbins of her head.

Where they resigne their office and their light,
To the disposing of her troubled braine:
Who bids them still consort with vgly night,
And neuer wound the heart with lookes againe,
Who like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion, giues a deadly grone.

Whereat each tributary subiect quakes,
As when the winde imprisond in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earths foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth mens minds cōfound.
This mutinie each part doth so surprise,
That frō their dark beds once more leape her
And

VENVS AND ADONIS.

When he beheld his shadow in the brooke,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills:
When he was by, the birds such pleasure tooke,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberies, & ripe red cherries:
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foule, grim, and vrchin-snouted boare,
Whose downeward eie still looketh for a graue,
Ne'er saw the beautilous liuery that he wore,
Witnesse the entertainment that he gaue:
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kisse him, & hath kild him so.

Tis true, tis true, thus was *Adonis* slaine,
He ran vpon the boare with his sharpe speare,
Who would not whet his teeth at him againe,
But by a kisse thought to perswade him there.
And noussling in his flanke, the louing swine
Sheath'd vnaware his tuske in his soft groin.

Had I beene tooth'd like him I must confesse,
With kissing him I should haue kild him first:
But he is dead and neuer did he blesse
My youth with his: the more I am accurst:
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And staines her face with his congealed blood.

VENVS AND ADONIS.

Shee lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whispers in his eare a heauie tale,
As if he heard the wofull words she told,
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where lo two lamps, burnt out, in darknesse lies.

Two glasses, where her selfe her selfe beheld,
A thousand times, and now no more reflect:
Their vertue lost, wherein they late exceld,
And euery beauty robd of his effect;
Wonder of time (quoth she) this is my spight,
That you being dead, the day shold yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophetic,
Sorrow on loue hereafter shall attend:
It shal be waited on with ieaiousie,
Find sweete beginning, but vnsauoury end,
Nere settled equally, too high or lowe;
That all loues pleasure shall not match his wo.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing while,
The bottome poyson, and the top ore-straw'd
With sweetes, that shall the sharpest sight beguile,
The strongest body shall it make most weake,
Strike the wise dumb, & teach the foole to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to treade the measures,
The staring Ruffian shall it keepe in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poore with trees.
It shal be raging mad, and sillie milde, (sures,
Make the yong old, the old become a childe.

It shall suspect where is no cause of feare,
It shall not feare where it should most mistrust,
It shall be mercifull, and too seuerer,
And most deceiuing, when it seemes most iust:
Peruerse it shall be, where it shews most toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war, and dire euent,
And set dissension twixt the son and fire,
Subiect and seruile to all discontents,
As drie combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue destroy,
They, that loue best, their loue shall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her side lay kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood that on the ground lay spild,
A purple flower sprong vp checkred with white,
Resembling well his pale cheekes & the blood,
Which in round drops vpo their whitenesse stood.

She

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VENUS AND ADONIS.

She bowes her head, the new-spröge floure to smel,
Comparing it to her *Adonis* breath,
And sayes, within her bosome it shall dwell,
Since he himselfe is rest from her by death:
She crops the stalke, and in the breach appeares
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poore floure (quoth she) this was thy fathers guise
(Sweet issue of a more sweet smelling fire)
For euery little grieffe to wet his eyes,
To growe vnto himselfe was his desire,
And so tis thine: but knowe it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here is my breast,
Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right,
Lowe in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My robbing heart shall rocke thee day & night,
There shall not be one minute in an houre,
Wherein I will not kisse my sweet lones flower.

Thus wearie of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her siluer doves: by whose swift aid
Their mistris mounted, through the empty skies,
In her light chariot quickly is conuayde, (Queene
Holding their course to *Paphos*, where their
Meanes to immure her selfe, and not be seene.

FINIS.

Handwritten text, possibly a list or inventory, including the word "DID" and other illegible markings.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, including the word "FIVE" and other illegible markings.